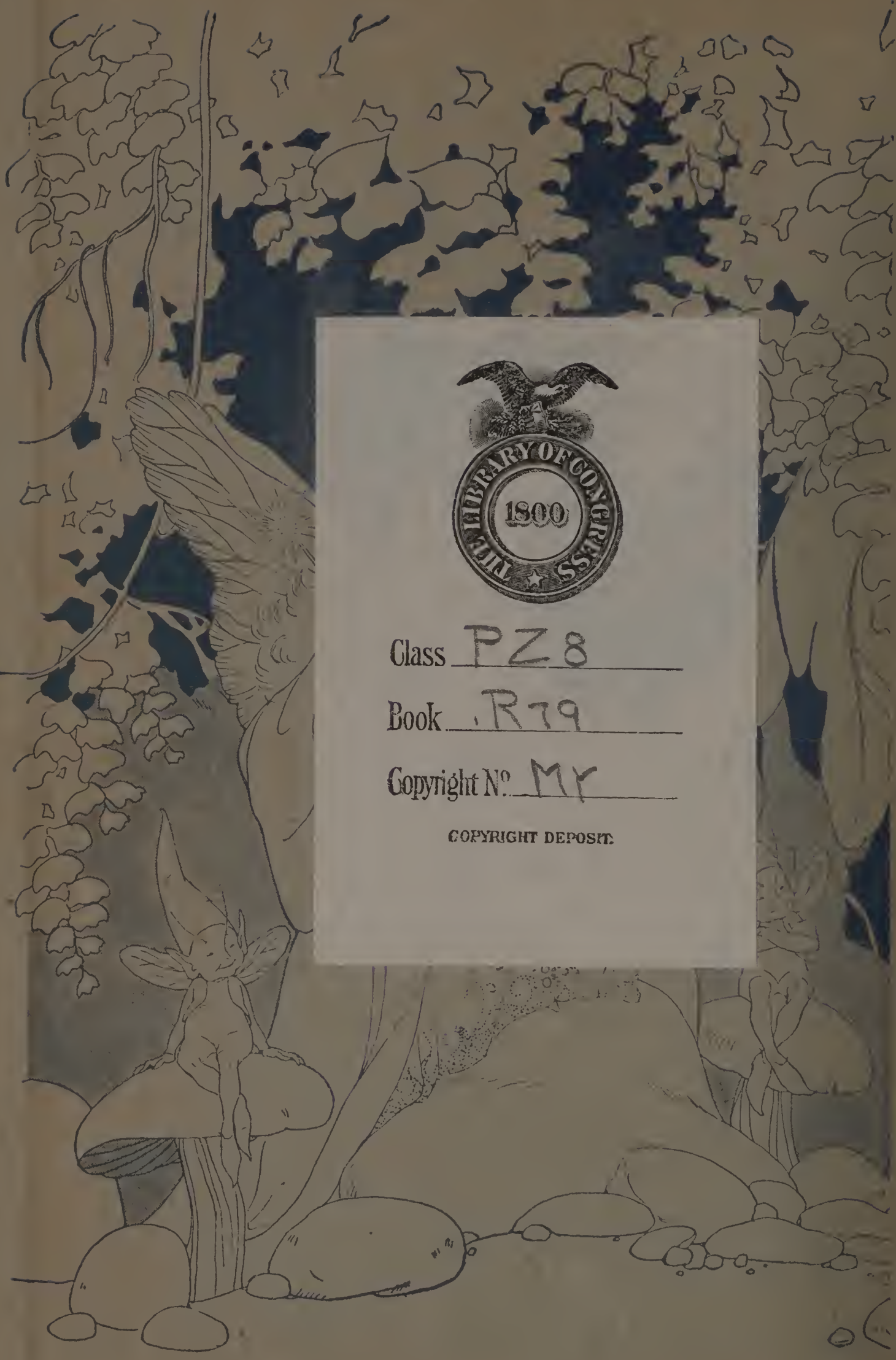
PZ
8
R79
MY

FT MEADE
GenColl

MY MAGIC STORYLAND

BY NELLIE M ROWE



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class PZ8
Book .R79
Copyright No. M2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Matilda Breuer

MY MAGIC STORYLAND

Míura Sent for the Court Magician
(From O'Lota San and the Diamond Dew Drops)

MY MAGIC STORYLAND

by

NELLIE M. ROWE

Illustrated by

MATILDA BREUER

ALBERT WHITMAN & CO.

CHICAGO

C [1929]

130.

PZ8
.R79
M9

Copyright, 1929
ALBERT WHITMAN & CO.
Chicago, U. S. A.

RED AND GOLD LIBRARY

Red and Gold Stories
Magic House
Jolly Little Clown

MADE IN THE U. S. A.

©ClA 17262
DEC -7 1929

To all young hearts who
believe in their fairy friends

CONTENTS

PAGE

FELICE AND THE HERMIT THRUSH—*A Canadian Tale* 13

THE SWEDISH TWINS AND THE PIGEON-BLOOD RUBY—
A Swedish Tale 20

THE MAGIC DROP FROM THE FAIRY FOUNTAIN—
An Old English Tale 27

THE PICTURE CHILDREN—*An Art-Land Tale* 36

O'LOTA SAN AND THE DIAMOND DEW-DROPS—*A Japanese Tale* . . . 53

MARY MALTESE AND HER WONDERFUL PLAN—
The Friends-in-Need Tale 64

THE FAIRIES AND THE EARTH CHILD—*A French Tale* 78

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND—*An Ocean Tale* 93

HOW SANTA CLAUS LOST HIS WHISKERS—
A Santa-Claus-Land Tale 103

THE ANGEL OF THE SILVER HEART—*A Noble-Heart Tale* 111

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Miura sent for the Court Magician . . . . . Frontispiece

They often went to school on their snowshoes 12

The little rabbits would jump into the air and frisk about 15

Only in Sweden can the lovely wild berries be found such as the twins were seeking 23

Little Boy was left in the garden to play alone 29

The fairy Lily climbed into the yellow tulip 33

When she opened her eyes, she saw the Princes standing before her 39

She saw a soft white rabbit and a very handsome young boy 43

"O Fairy, please let some more of the Picture Children talk to me." 47

Miura and O'Lota San looked nearly alike 55

Agatha and her nurse spent many happy hours watching the goldfish swim 65

The dear little lady tried to keep happy and bright among her flowers 69

On the seventh day the little company again assembled 75

On and on Marie was carried through the air 81

He handed each fairy a very small pail 90

He stumbled along until he came to a very small house 97

He was suddenly aware of a fleck of color moving in the gem 100

They decided to stay forever 102

Mrs. Santa Claus was working on the dolls 105

In a twinkling he had chewed off all of old Santa's whiskers 108

They saw a very old man leaning heavily on a cane 115

They Often Went to School on their Snowshoes

Felice and the Hermit Thrush

A Canadian Tale

Felice was a little French-Canadian girl whose home was in the country not far from the city of Quebec. The winters were so cold that she had to dress very warmly and she often went to school on her snow shoes. The children had many jolly hours skating on the river and fishing through holes cut in the ice. But best of all was the spring time when the snow and ice went away and the grass began to turn green and the trees to put out their tender buds and blossoms.

Mademoiselle Fontaine, the school teacher, told them a nature story every morning and these the children delighted to hear. Sometimes the tale would be about a dear fuzzy little animal; and again they would hear about the birds. On one particular morning the story was about the hermit thrush, the little fellow who lives far back in the woods

and has the most beautiful voice of any of the little woodland brothers. The teacher told just how he differs from other members of the thrush family, how he builds a nest of straw, how he is often heard singing his very sweetest just at sunset and how very hard it is to get a glimpse of him because he lives far within the forest and rarely comes out to the edge of the wood.

Now as school closed and the children started home with their books under their arms, little Felice decided she would go home another way and see if she could, by any chance, discover the hermit thrush. The wood was soon reached and Felice hurried on as fast as her little feet would carry her. Farther and farther she went into the forest, stopping here and there to pick a flower or to put some acorns in her little pockets. Once she came to a large stretch of mossy ground and so noiselessly did she walk that all of a sudden she came upon the family of Peter Rabbit eating their evening meal. Here were Peter and old Mrs. Rabbit together with four little cotton-tails and such a good time they were having! Old Mr. Rabbit seemed to be telling a funny story, for now and then, the

The Little Rabbits Would Jump Into the Air and Frisk About

little rabbits would jump up into the air and frisk about as if they were very much amused. Quietly Felice watched them and then went on her way to find the hermit thrush.

Finally she came to a little brook and stopped to rest awhile. Along the banks of the little stream were pretty ferns and borders of the lovely blue forget-me-nots.

"Surely," said Felice, "away down in this lovely spot I will hear the little thrush sing."

For some time the little girl sat there and suddenly, she began to look around and saw

that it was beginning to get dark. She quickly rose to her feet to hurry home, when in the distance she heard a song so sweet that all fear left her. Note after note fell from the throat of the songster, sweeter even than the song of the nightingale, and finally died away in the distance. Felice had heard the hermit thrush.

"Now I must surely hurry," said Felice, "for my mother will be looking for me."

But alas, the more she hurried, the darker it grew and try as she would the little girl could not find her way out. Felice became afraid for she knew that she was lost. Great big tears began to roll down her fat little cheeks and fall on the ground at her feet.

Presently the big moon came up over the tree tops and if she had not been so afraid she would have enjoyed seeing her friend, The Man in the Moon, for she often held long conversations with him. But now she was too much frightened even to speak to him. As she looked away in the distance, she saw a faint light glowing softly above the vines and bushes. Since curiosity soon overcame her fear, she walked slowly toward the light and as she drew near, heard a very faint

sound of music. So she kept on going. Brighter became the light as she drew nearer and all at once she saw a most wonderful sight.

Around a beautiful pot of gold danced a band of fairies. Felice had always believed in fairies and had always wished that she might see them. Here they were with their beautiful, gauzy dresses of the loveliest pink and blue and green and beautiful little wings that looked like the finest of gold lace. Each fairy had a golden wand on the end of which was a star. Felice wondered why the fairies were dancing around the kettle. Nearer she came to them and saw standing by the golden kettle with a wand a little longer than the others, a little woodland elf, stirring with all his strength. "What can it be that he is stirring?" said Felice to herself. Then all at once she understood. The dancing fairies were catching the moonbeams and putting them into the kettle.

Just then one of the fairies saw her. They stopped dancing and soon they all gathered around her. Felice began to cry again but the fairies do not like sadness or crying so they quickly wiped away her tears and

promised to take care of her. The little elf stopped his stirring and began to take something out of the kettle. To Felice's surprise they were beautiful little moonstones! Felice watched him make a nice pile at his feet. Then the fairies carried them to the Fairy Queen. In her tiny hands she held a silver wire and as each fairy brought a stone, she strung it on the wire.

When the last fairy had danced up with her moonstone, the Fairy Queen gave the band the silver wire strung with moonstones; and they all joined hands and danced again. This time they danced up to Felice and then—wonder of wonders—they fastened the beautiful necklace of moonstones around the little girl's neck. All tears were dried and soon, with her little head on her arm, she was fast asleep.

How long she slept there she did not know, but all of a sudden she was awakened by a light in her face and loud voices.

"Here she is at last," she heard someone say; and soon she was in her mother's arms, while all the neighbors gathered around to rejoice over the little lost girl. As she rubbed her sleepy eyes, she thought she must have

How Long She Slept There She Did Not Know.

dreamed about the fairies, but around her neck she felt the beautiful moonstone necklace made by the fairies from moonbeams. This she declared she would always keep as her greatest treasure.

The Swedish Twins and the Pigeon-Blood Ruby

A Swedish Tale

Once upon a time in Sweden, the land of many lakes and rivers, there lived two little girls, Christina and Katrina by name. These little twin girls lived with their father and mother and an older brother, Carl.

The Larsons did not live in one of the big cities of Sweden, but on a nice farm in the country, where the children enjoyed many happy times. In the winter time the little girls went to school, their golden hair plaited in two stiff little braids and their cheeks like rosy apples from the cold. Often when the weather was rainy their little skirts would freeze before they could get home, where they would dry out by the fire in the big fireplace. To make the house comfortable against the severe cold, Mr. Larson had built double windows, as many of the other farmers did. The children would gather bright red berries and evergreens and put in be-

tween the two pieces of glass, making a beautiful picture, both for those passing and for the family inside.

Now in Sweden plenty of timber grows and, as the Larsons owned a large tract of wooded land, much time was spent in cutting the trees to be sawed into logs and floated down the river to be sold. Carl had gone with several companions to camp where the huge logs were fastened together into rafts and made ready for their journey down the river. Not knowing just how far he was going nor when he would return, he took with him a carrier pigeon from the cote at home.

Carrier pigeons do not differ much from other pigeons except for the fact that they are trained to fly back home, no matter where they are taken. Notes are fastened to their legs and these little winged messengers often carry news of great importance. Carl had taken along one of the pigeons, agreeing to send word to his mother as soon as he found where he would be located so that she could reach him in time of need.

Now the little girls were out playing one day in the woods while the father was cutting trees. All at once they heard a crash

and a moan of pain and running hurriedly, they found their poor father pinned firmly under the fallen tree. Christina decided to stay while Katrina ran home as fast as her little legs could carry her. She was soon back with help. Very carefully they carried the father home and when the doctor came from the city, he said it would be many months before their father could work again.

Anxiously the good mother waited for news from her son, but never a word came, though weeks had passed since he left home. With the father unable to work, the family soon began to feel the need of money and though the mother was sweet and patient, she began to have a look of care on her face.

One day the little girls went into the woods to gather berries. Only in Sweden can the lovely, wild berries be found such as the twins were seeking. On and on the little girls went for they wanted their baskets quite full before returning home. Farther and farther into the forest they searched and being tired, they sat down to rest.

"Katrina, do you think we will ever see a fairy?" asked her sister. "Wouldn't it be fun if we could see one now?"

Only in Sweden Can The Lovely Wild Berries Be Found Such as the Twins Were Seeking.

Just then they heard a queer little noise that seemed to come from nowhere. "What was that?" said Katrina, her blue eyes getting large with wonder. Again they heard the voice and looking up in a tree, they saw the queerest little old man. Very tiny was he and so dried up and wrinkled that the little girls thought he must be a thousand years old. They listened very closely and this is what he said:

"Wait until dark and then walk about a quarter of a mile to where the lilies bloom and you shall see the fairies."

This was all that he would tell them. Not another word would he say.

The little girls knew that they should be going home, for their mother would be worried if they stayed away until dark. But their desire to see the fairies was so great that they decided to linger. On they walked, not knowing just where the lilies grew, but soon a very sweet odor was wafted to them on the air and a little farther on they came to a meadow filled with beautiful white lilies.

Now for the fairies! Where should they look? For quite a while they wandered among the beautiful flowers when all at once

They Saw a Very Large and Beautiful Lily Growing by Itself.

they saw a very large and beautiful lily growing off by itself.

"Let us pick this and take it home," said Christina.

"All right," said Katrina, and just as they were about to break the stem they heard a tiny voice. Looking down they saw a dear little fairy.

"Who are you?" said the fairy.

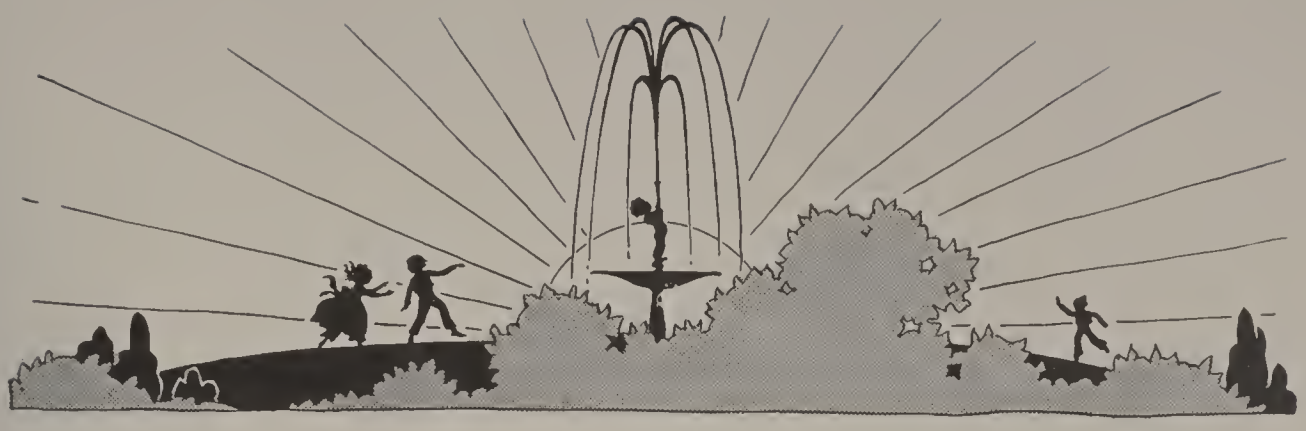
And then the little girls told her their story —how their father was ill and how their brother had gone away with the promise to

send word back by the pigeon but that no word had ever come.

When the little girls told her this, the fairy seemed greatly excited and calling to her companions, soon gathered a large company of fairies who began dancing around the lily.

"My dear little girls," said the fairy, "how glad we are to see you. In the heart of this lily is a most beautiful, sparkling, red ruby which surely belongs to you. One day some cruel hunters were shooting in the woods, when all at once a pigeon flew past. There was a flash from one of the guns, and down came the little white carrier with a message on its leg. Just as it fell, we caught the large drop of blood from its breast and turned it into a ruby. Take this as a present, for the message was surely from your brother and the ruby will make you rich."

And now, whenever we see a pigeon-blood ruby, the rarest of all the gems, we must be sure to remember the carrier pigeon and the little Swedish twins.



THE MAGIC DROP FROM THE FAIRY FOUNTAIN

An Old English Tale

There was once upon a time a beautiful old English garden, in the midst of which was a wonderful fountain. When the sun shone upon its misty spray a thousand rainbows seemed to be winding in and out; and at night as the shining drops caught the moonbeams, myriads of pearls and diamonds were tossed into a jewel heap below.

Around the fountain grew row after row of exquisite pink tulips and in other parts of the garden, hidden here and there among the shrubbery, peeped blue delphinium, scarlet hollyhocks and purple foxgloves.

Now every day in the pleasant springtime came a little boy with eyes as blue as the forget-me-nots at his feet, and hair as golden as the sunshine. Each morning Little Boy's father would bring him to a seat by the side of the shining fountain and leave him to play alone.

Hither and thither among the flowers the butterflies flitted. But Little Boy could not chase them as he had seen other little boys do. Many a time he had seen his small friends starting out with their fishing rods and picnic lunches, wishing that he might be with them. But he never could join them, because he could not walk.

Now there was something very wonderful about this garden that very few people knew about. The secret was this: All through this garden lived a wonderful fairy band, ruled by the loveliest little fairy queen in all of Fairyland.

One bright moonlight night the little queen sent her messenger to inform all of her subjects to meet her on the mossy bank under the weeping willow tree as the clock struck twelve. Here at the appointed time came the little people, so noiselessly that not even the tiny humming bird whose nest was just above could hear them. Just at the stroke of the big clock, when the moon was shining its brightest, the fairy queen ascended her tiny throne, then spoke to her tiny people.

Now this was why the meeting was called —to lay a plan by which Little Boy could

Little Boy Was Left in the Garden to Play Alone.

come to the Magic Fountain when the fairy charm was on; for only at that time could one make a wish and drink a drop of the crystal water which would make the wish come true. Always at evening Little Boy would be taken to the house and there was no way for him to get back until the next day. Now try as hard as they could, no answer seemed to come, and in despair, the fairy queen decided to call upon their brothers, the pixies, to come to the council, for they all loved Little Boy and wished to see him well.

A very small flute was brought to the throne and with this the queen gave the signal. All at once from under a stone across the garden, came running and tumbling the pixies in their short brown coats and peaked hats.

The question was asked of these wise little men, and although they sat very still and looked very solemn, they could make no suggestion.

All night the meeting lasted when suddenly, to their surprise, the rosy streaks of morning began to appear in the sky. With a hasty order to appear the next night, the fairies and pixies quickly scampered away,

The Pixies Came Running and Tumbling.

for no one ever saw a fairy in the day time and to venture forth then would never do at all.

Now there was one very quiet, gentle little fairy whose name was Lily, for so lovely was she that the other fairies always compared her with the dainty little valley lilies, one of their favorite flowers. So anxious was she to see the little boy well that, while the other fairies slept, she lay awake in the long bell of the purple foxglove and thought and thought.

At last, she almost sang aloud, for she believed she had found a way. Hardly could

she wait for the night to come. When the clock again struck the hour of meeting, all the fairies and pixies found themselves seated on the mossy carpet.

Up to the queen went the fairy, Lily, and into her ear she whispered her plan. The queen looked very pleased and said it was well worth trying, but reminded her that there was some danger in the attempt. Now this was the plan that Lily told the queen.

We have been told that around the fountain grew row after row of perfect pink tulips. So carefully was the garden tended, that never a different colored flower was allowed to come in and break the even beauty. This the fairies knew and they planned to turn one of the pink tulips a bright yellow. They thought that when Little Boy's mother walked in the garden in the evening and saw the yellow tulip growing with all the other pink ones, surely she would pick it and take it into the house with her.

As the little boy could not come to the Magic Fountain to drink, the fairies decided to send a magic drop to him, so within the tiniest vial in all the world, the precious crystal drop was placed. Now children who love

The Fairy Lily Climbed into the Yellow Tulip.

the flowers will know that tulips close their petals at night and open with the morning light. So to be certain of getting into the house, the little fairy, Lily, took the tiny vial and hurriedly climbed into the yellow tulip, for it was just about time for Little Boy's mother to take her evening walk.

A slight noise—she was coming now! Very near the edge of the bed grew the yellow tulip which the mother saw at once. Just as the fairies planned, she stooped down and picked it.

"For," said she, "it has no place among all

those pink tulips. However, it is a pretty flower and I will put it in my little boy's room where he will see it the first thing in the morning."

Snap went the stem and poor little Lily inside was very frightened. Up the path went the mother and finally the tulip found its way into a vase by the bed of the sleeping little boy, just as little Lily had planned.

Very quietly the little fairy waited until the house was quiet and the magic hour of twelve should arrive; then, very softly she pushed aside the petals and, climbing swiftly to the bed, she whispered ever so gently into Little Boy's ear.

"Dear Little Boy, drink this magic drop and wish that you could walk."

Very slowly Little Boy turned his head and then sat up. In his hand he felt something and, rubbing his sleepy eyes, he finally opened them and saw the tiny vial. Quickly he raised it to his lips and wished that he could walk.

Sleep soon came over him again and so the night passed. When the morning sun shone onto his face, he opened his blue eyes and saw the yellow tulip. Now suddenly he remembered what happened in the night. He

at once tried to stand upon his little feet and found that he could walk.

Little Boy's father and mother could hardly believe their eyes and in their great joy, questioned him as to how it happened. Very carefully Little Boy told his story of the Fairy's visit and the magic drop. The father and mother smiled at him and thought it was a dream, but Little Boy always believed the fairy story and a long time afterwards as he held his own little boy on his knee he told of the little fairy, Lily, who had made him well and strong.

The Picture Children

An Art-Land Tale

Two months had now passed since little Edith had been put to bed with a heavy plaster cast on her foot. She had been skating with her little friends on her way to school when one day she went too near the curb and, losing her balance, went into a ditch and broke her ankle.

Everyone had been very kind to Edith and had done all they could to make the time pass pleasantly; but often she grew very lonely, especially now that spring had come and the flowers were beginning to bloom and the birds to sing.

Tomorrow would be her birthday and her mother had just come in with a new picture. Since Edith was very fond of pictures, her mother tried to add a new one whenever she could. The walls of the pretty little bedroom

with its pink and white draperies were well covered with Edith's favorites.

Next morning dawned bright and clear, but the sad little girl was not able to get up. When her mother had come in and told her she was obliged to go to see her Aunt Emma, who was very sick, Edith tried to smile and waved goodbye, but as soon as her mother was out of the house, she began to feel very lonely.

For a long time she lay there, when all of a sudden, she felt a very soft tap on her face and, looking around, she saw a tiny figure not as large as her smallest doll. Her eyes opened very wide as she saw the tiny little creature moving about. She was soon even more surprised when the little lady began to speak.

"I am the Nurse Fairy," said she, "and have come to make you happy."

"Oh, I am so glad to see you, for I was so lonesome with mother away."

"Now what shall we do to have a good time?" There was only a very short time to wait for the Nurse Fairy had everything planned.

"Just close your eyes," said she, "and then see what will happen." Edith closed her eyes very tight and when she opened them she saw

the "Princes in the Tower," who had stepped out of the frame and were standing before her.

The elder prince, whose name was Edward, smiled at Edith and said:

"This is my younger brother Richard; and you know our story I am sure, how our wicked uncle had us placed in the lonely Tower of London, where he kept us for many days and finally had us smothered to death and then stole away the throne."

A sad story indeed! But just then the youngest boy looked up with a twinkle in his eye and said to Edith:

"We are not really the princes, but two brothers who love each other just as much as Richard and Edward. More than three hundred years after the sad fate of the little princes, Sir John Everett Millais had us dress just like them and pose for him while he painted our pictures."

"And," added the older brother, "he said we were very good models except for our eating lemon drops while he was painting us and scattering them on the floor where he had to step on them."

With a wave of the hand they were gone

When She Opened Her Eyes, She Saw the Princs Standing Before Her.

and when Edith looked up, the princes were back in their picture frame just as if nothing had happened.

"That was fine. Do please let some more little picture folk talk," said Edith.

"Well, close your eyes again," said the Nurse Fairy, "and wait until I say open. One, two, three—now!"

When the little girl opened her eyes, there was a pale silvery light over all the room and before her stood a beautiful little girl with golden hair and lovely blue eyes. On looking at the wall Edith saw that the frame just over the table was empty and this was where "Angels' Heads" belonged.

"I am Frances Isabelle Gordon," said the little picture girl.

"But I thought you were an angel," Edith told her.

Frances Isabelle Gordon then laughed merrily and said:

"I will tell you how I got my wings. My father and mother, Lord and Lady Gordon, were great friends of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great artist, who was one of the nicest men we ever knew. Although he was a bachelor, he loved children and would sometimes let

us ride with him in his wonderful carriage. One day my mother promised to take me to have Sir Joshua paint my picture and I was very happy. He said that I would have to come several times and sit very still, but I didn't mind, for he always told such nice fairy tales while he worked.

"At first he painted my picture looking straight at him and then he painted four others with my head turned different ways. When he had finished, he didn't know which he liked best, so he decided to paint them all together. He then painted some lovely floating clouds and the angel's wings. And that, dear little Edith, is how I came to be an angel."

Then coming quite close she gently kissed the cheek of the little girl in bed and quickly disappeared.

When Edith looked up, there were the five little angels' heads as they had always been.

"Was anything ever more lovely than Frances Isabelle Gordon? How I do wish she could have stayed on and played with me."

"Are you getting tired, little girl?" asked the Nurse Fairy.

"No, no, please do go on with the picture children," said Edith.

On opening her eyes the next time, she saw on her bed the dearest, softest, white rabbit with pink eyes and long ears just like a pink and white sea-shell. At his side stood a very handsome young boy with the prettiest suit and velvet cap. He smiled at Edith and she waited for him to tell her his story, but he did not open his mouth.

Just then the Nurse Fairy stood by his side and said, "My dear, this is our little friend, Henry Raeburn Inglis, whom you know as the boy in 'A Boy and Rabbit,' the new birthday picture which your mother just bought you. Henry would like very much to tell you just how his grandfather painted him; but he has to leave it to me because he is deaf and dumb." As the Fairy told the story, the rabbit hopped over to Henry's side and began nibbling the leaves as he always seems to be doing in the picture.

Edith felt so sorry that the little boy could neither speak nor hear that the Fairy had to assure her that he was a very happy little boy in spite of his affliction, for his grandfather loved him better than all the other chil-

She Saw a Soft White Rabbit and a Very Handsome Young Boy.

dren and was always doing something for his pleasure.

The next picture child was a very shy little girl with a queer little cap on her head and a very odd, long, pointed basket on her arm.

"I am Theopilia Palmer," said she. "I was named for my grandmother but no one wants to say such a long name, so they call me Offy. I wonder if you know what is in my basket?"

"Yes, I do," said Edith. "They are strawberries, for I know you are the 'Strawberry Girl'."

"Right!" said Offy. "My Uncle Joshua Reynolds painted my picture."

"The same one who painted Frances Isabelle Gordon?" said Edith.

"Yes," said Offy, "the very same. Uncle Joshua Reynolds had many little friends whom he was always painting. They always loved to come to his studio for he knew so many wonderful tricks and would tell them delightful stories while he painted."

Hardly had the little Strawberry Girl stepped back into her frame, when a lovely little girl with a ruffled cap and a lap full of wild flowers stepped out of the "Simplicity" frame.

"My name is Offy, too," said she. "And the 'Strawberry Girl' was my mother. Just fifteen years after he painted her picture, I sat in the same studio for him to paint mine. I was also the little girl who posed for 'The Age of Innocence'." With these words the second little Offy was gone.

The little picture girl had just vanished when Edith heard the door open and knew that her mother was returning. She was coming up the stairs and now her hand was on the door-knob.

"Well, how is my poor, lonely little girl?" said she; but as she looked at Edith's shining, happy face she was very much surprised.

Edith looked quickly around to introduce her mother to the Nurse Fairy, but she had completely disappeared and for the first time in her life she was sorry her mother had come.

"What is my little girl looking for and what has she been doing to make her so happy?" asked her mother.

With beaming eyes the little girl told the story of the wonderful fairy and the picture children, and though the mother looked very much interested and asked lots of questions, she smiled to herself as she left the room and said:

"Surely the child has been dreaming."

Aunt Emma was much better and it was several days before her mother left the house again. Edith loved her pictures more than ever, especially those that had talked to her and as she looked at the others on her walls, she wished that her mother would leave her again and the Nurse Fairy would pay her another visit.

Sunday came and Edith's father said, "I wonder if my little girl would be very good

and let mother go for a nice walk in the sunshine. When we return we will bring you something nice."

Now Edith was always an unselfish little girl, but her father wondered why she seemed so happy when she would be alone with only Katie, the cook, in the kitchen below.

Hardly had the door closed when Edith began to watch for the Fairy. Several times she called softly, but no one answered. After watching and waiting for what seemed to her a long time, Edith gave up hope and great tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Now, now, why these tears?" said a very small voice at her elbow, and looking down, she saw the darling Nurse Fairy smiling up at her. "Little children must learn to be patient and not cry for things they cannot have at once," said she and then gave Edith the lightest, tiniest kiss you could possibly imagine.

"O dear Fairy, please let some more of the Picture Children talk to me," coaxed the little girl.

"Well, close your eyes and we will see if they feel like talking to-day," said the Fairy.

Edith shut her eyes, keeping them shut so

"O Fairy, Please Let Some More of the Picture Children Talk to Me."

long that she began to wiggle about impatiently.

"Now what did I say about patience?" said the Fairy.

While her eyes were fast shut Edith heard the loveliest song and when the Fairy said "Open," there stood a sweet young girl with a reap-hook in her hand. She was not dressed like Frances Isabelle Gordon nor the little Offy girls, but on her head she wore a bright cloth, her feet were quite bare and around her waist was gathered a coarse apron. How wonderfully happy she looked as she lifted

her eyes far over the fields in the early morning sunshine and listened to the larks' song as they rose higher and higher and their song grew fainter and fainter until they disappeared. Edith knew before she was told that she was the girl in "The Song of the Lark."

Never before had she realized the wonder of the picture so beautifully painted by Jules Breton, a French artist; and she almost decided that she preferred being this French peasant girl out in the fields in her little bare feet than to sit dressed up like Offy. The sweet, clear song died away and when she again looked, the young girl was standing in her accustomed place in the fields with the farm houses in the distance and in the usual brown and gold frame that Edith had seen so many times before.

"Wasn't that the loveliest song you ever heard?" said the little girl.

"Now close your eyes again and see who will come this time," said the Nurse Fairy.

This time Edith blinked her eyes for several minutes, for did she not see standing before her the wonderful "Blue Boy"? Although quite solemn in his picture the Blue Boy smiled at Edith.

"I see," said he, "that you know me but I am going to tell you something that perhaps you have not heard. My name is Jonathan Buttall and my father was a rich ironmonger of Soho. Thomas Gainsborough, as a result of an argument with Sir Joshua Reynolds, had me dress in a Van Dyke suit of blue satin and painted me out-of-doors. I was standing in the green grass with the green trees and the blue skies behind me to show that a picture could be painted in blue and green with a pleasing effect—for Sir Joshua said this could not be done."

How handsome Jonathan looked with his shining blue satin suit and white lace collar and the wonderful hat with flowing white plume held in his hand.

"For many years," continued the Blue Boy, "I have lived in England, for I was painted in 1770. Once I belonged to the Prince of Wales. When the cruel World War came on I went to America for safe-keeping and so sorry were the English people to see me leave that some cried and the dear old man who had taken care of me for so long wrote 'Au revoir' and his initials on the back of the canvas. Now I belong to Mr. Henry E. Hunt-

ington and—listen carefully while I whisper to you—I am the highest priced picture in the world!"

It was some time before Edith could speak for she was quite overcome by the splendor of the Blue Boy and his wonderful secret.

Now there was one picture in her room that Edith did not like to look at and she had hung it in a far-away corner where she could not often see it, for her mother had once given her this picture when she had not behaved. Edith hoped that the Nurse Fairy would not notice it. But not so, for the very next time she opened her eyes there stood a very naughty little boy glaring sullenly, his eyes bright with unshed tears and his little red

The Naughty Child.

mouth all out of shape with pouting. He was huddled up in one corner of the room with his arms quite close to his fat little body and his feet turned together, with his toes turned in. The little boy was so sulky that he would not tell his name nor say a word and the Nurse Fairy had to tell the story for him.

"Sir Edwin Landseer painted this little boy," said the Fairy, "and he wishes us to see in the picture a bad little boy who refuses to say his lesson. He has thrown his slate crashing to the floor and turned his book face down. But this is not the real story, for that actually took place in Landseer's studio.

"Sir Edwin, struck by the child's beauty, desired to paint his picture. At the thought of sitting so long, the little boy flew into a rage and Landseer painted his picture just as he saw him and this is 'The Naughty Child.' As the picture hangs in the gallery, it is a lesson to children who change themselves from beautiful to horrid children by naughtiness."

Edith looked rather foolish as the sullen little blue-eyed boy sulked his way back to his frame. Had the picture been given to her to teach her this very lesson?

Just at this minute, the door closed and voices were heard below. Several people seemed to be coming up the stairs and when her door opened, Edith saw that her mother and father had brought with them the doctor, who smiled kindly at her as he began to take off the heavy cast from her foot.

"Very, very soon," said he, "you will be running around as if nothing had ever been the matter."

The doctor's words proved true and very soon Edith was playing again with her little friends. But ever after, of all her treasures she loved her pictures best, because she knew that through the kindness of the Nurse Fairy, she had many new friends who were now her very own.

O'Lota San and the Diamond Dew-Drops

A Japanese Tale

Far away over the sea on the beautiful island of Japan, where the cherry blossoms carpet the soft earth with their lovely pink petals and the silvery peak of Fujiyama, the "Matchless Mountain," rises high above the water, there dwelt two beautiful maidens.

Their home was in the palace where the Emperor and Empress lived; and many a day they spent in the wonderful gardens, sometimes sitting by the clear streams watching the gold fish with their long fan-tails and bright scales gleaming in the water as they swam in and out among the lotus flowers. Again they would sit on the small rustic benches listening to the music of the court musicians as the beautiful notes were wafted far and near on the breezes.

All their lives these maidens had loved each other dearly for the had been raised

together like sisters. Míura was the name of the Emperor's daughter and O'Lota San was her cousin, for the Emperor's only sister upon her death had left the little O'Lota San to her brother to bring up as his own child.

Always they dressed in the finest silks of the Empire. Their pretty kimonos were embroidered with beautiful butterflies and wonderful flowers. Costly jewels were freely given them and they always received just the same gifts. They looked so nearly alike that even the Emperor and Empress could hardly tell them apart. Thus they grew from childhood to young womanhood.

All went happily until one day a very gallant knight came riding to the palace gate. The Emperor came out to welcome him for he had received tidings from a neighboring kingdom that the young knight would soon arrive. So welcome was he that he remained with them for many days. Each day he spent many hours with O'Lota San and Míura, telling them of his wonderful adventures, and in the evening by the moonlight he would sing to them, often mingling his rich, mellow voice with the silvery notes of O'Lota San, for she had a voice like the Japanese nightingale.

Míura and O'Lota San Looked Nearly Alike.

Míura was beautiful, too, but she could not sing a note, which made her very sad as she wanted to win the wonderful knight. She feared that he would love best O'Lota San because of her lovely voice.

Now a great war came on and Uráshima, for that was the knight's name, had to bid them all farewell and go to fight in his country's army. When he came to say goodbye he told them that he would return when the war was over for the girl he wanted to make his bride.

After his departure, a bad sprite took possession of Míura; and so fearful she became that it would be O'Lota San whom the knight wanted instead of herself that she could rest neither day nor night. Day after day she pined away, wondering how she could get O'Lota San away from the palace, until finally she sent for the court magician and asked his advice. After many consultations, it was decided that O'Lota San should be turned into a fairy and instructions given her that if she ever spoke to a human being she would surely die. "Now," said Míura, "that will surely keep her from ever meeting Uráshima again."

When the appointed time came for the magician to give the magic drink which would change O'Lota San into a fairy, she was summoned by Míura to walk with her in the garden and down the path they walked, their arms around each other. Now Míura's heart almost failed her, for she knew how lonely she would be without her life-long companion.

At the foot of the path sat the magician, waiting for them; and as they drew near he offered them each a drink from a crystal goblet. Of course, to Míura he gave the clear water, but to O'Lota San he gave the magic potion. No sooner had she swallowed it than she was transformed into the tiniest, dearest, little fairy one could wish to know.

At this moment a large blue and gold butterfly alighted at her feet. O'Lota San seated herself between his wings and, waving her tiny hand, was carried far away into a beautiful forest where the butterfly let her gently down at the foot of a Paulowania tree, an honored tree of Japan, with broad, thick leaves and known as the parent of harps and all beautiful melody. Now when O'Lota San looked around her, she saw a very perfect

She Saw a Large Seashell.

pink and white seashell which looked like a large, shimmering pearl in the moonlight. As she stepped nearer, she saw a tiny doorway which led into the shell. Within were different little rooms all with the tiniest possible furniture; and this, O'Lota San found, was to be her home.

Soon a humming and stirring was heard outside and when she came to the door all the little wood folk had come to welcome her. In front came the little fireflies, lighting the way for the others. Then came the little silk-

worms, bearing a dress of silk, so fine that it looked like the mist in the valley with the rosy rays of the sun upon it. Each of these little friends brought a gift, so by the time they all passed, nothing was left that she could wish for or need. To each one she pledged her friendship and from that day she lived among them, doing for them as she was needed and calling upon them when she needed their help. Many times she was called upon to bind up a broken wing or to give water to a tired and thirsty little neighbor of the woodland.

So the time passed by and O'Lota San seemed happy in her strange, new home. Each day she slept in her own tiny room in the pink and white shell and by night she wandered through the flowers and grasses, turning many dew-drops into diamonds. All of these diamonds she gathered together, in a small hole at the foot of the Paulowania tree. Sometimes she would step on a lotus leaf and sail about in the brilliant moonlight on the little stream bordered on each side by the beautiful blue iris and graceful wistaria vines.

It had now been several years since Míura

had caused her cousin to be turned into a fairy and each day she watched at the palace gate, hoping to see Uráshima, the knight of her dreams, returning from the war. One evening just as the sun was sinking behind the trees in the palace gardens, Míura, at her usual place by the garden gate, saw the figure of a knight on horseback approaching in the distance. As he drew nearer, her glad feeling was changed to anxiety, for she recognized Uráshima.

When quite a distance he saw Míura, and leaping from his horse, hastened to her side. Quite glad he seemed to see Míura, but now her anxiety turned to fear, for he was asking for O'Lota San. Oh, foolish Míura! What was she now to do? During these months of waiting, the wicked sprite had placed more deceit in her foolish little heart.

"I am O'Lota San. Do you not recognize me, Uráshima?" lied the little Míura.

Now in his heart, Uráshima knew that this was not the girl he wanted, but to punish her he waited until evening came and the moonlight shone over the palace; then he said:

"Come walk with me in the garden and let us sing together as we used to do."

A great fear made Míura tremble so strangely that Uráshima thought she was going to faint, so he led her to a bench and they sat down.

"Now," said he, "sing to me, O'Lota San."

Seeing that there was no hope for her to win the knight, for Míura could not sing a single note, she fell on her knees at Uráshima's feet and told him of the wicked deed she had done. Full of anger was he and drew forth his sword as if to strike her; but instead, bowed his head and went straightway from the palace forever.

For days and weeks he wandered, sadness in his face. Never could he forget his great love for O'Lota San, whom he never expected to see again. With all hope gone, he decided that since she had been forced to leave all the people of her world and live apart in the forest, he too would live a hermit's life.

So, deep into the forest he went and of all the forests on the island, this happened to be the one where O'Lota San lived.

One evening to her great surprise, she heard a sigh and just under the Paulowania tree sat a sad young man. This was the first time since she had been borne to this spot on

butterfly wings that she had ever seen a human being. Just then, back came to her the warning that if she ever spoke to a mortal again she would surely die.

Very timidly did O'Lota San look up into the man's face, when all at once she knew that it was none other than the gallant knight. Now the little fairy maid did not know what to do. Night after night Uráshima had come always with a sigh on his lips, until O'Lota San felt so sorry for the knight that she decided it was worth her life to speak just one word to him.

The full moon rose over the tree tops and the woods seemed filled with magical beauty. In the trees sang the little Japanese nightingales and the brook gleamed like crystal. Uráshima came as usual and sat under the tree, this time his head bent low, for his life was very sad indeed. Out of her tiny house, for the last time, came O'Lota San, and slowly walked up to Uráshima. So tiny was she that she had to climb to his shoulder before she could whisper in his ear. With her little wand she touched his cheek and as he looked at her she began to speak—when, instead of the bad magic harming her, instantly

she was restored to her real self and O'Lota San stood before him.

Hand in hand they walked together while Uráshima told her of his great search for her and how he had given up his fortunes in trying to find her. With a happy heart O'Lota San then led him to the foot of the dear Paulowania tree that had sheltered her so long; and kneeling down, she drew forth for him the treasured gleaming diamonds so that they would never be in want of anything again.

Mary Maltese and Her Wonderful Plan

The Friends-in-Need Tale

"Something must be done for her at once," said Mary Maltese to Patrick Pink-Ear, the handsome rabbit, as they met in the back yard and walked to the apple tree.

Miss Agatha Pettingell, a dear little old lady with snow-white hair and twinkling brown eyes, was the person just referred to by Mary Maltese.

Miss Agatha had lived all her life in a beautiful home in the suburbs of a large city, and from childhood had never known what it was to need anything. The beautiful grounds were tended by a gardener and around the shining fountain grew some of the rarest flowers that any one could grow. Beautiful pergolas covered by vines of lacy green and flagstone paths bordered by rare iris led to rustic seats along a silvery brook on which floated pink and white waterlilies.

Agatha and Her Nurse Spent Many Happy Hours Watching the Goldfish Swim.

Little Agatha in her childhood had spent many happy hours with her nurse watching the goldfish swim in and out among the large, flat lily pads.

Thus, Miss Agatha had grown from childhood into girlhood and later into young womanhood. One by one the different members of her family passed away until only one brother was left to share with her the family fortune. These two were very devoted and one day when the sad news of her brother's passing reached her, Miss Agatha felt that her life was indeed lonely.

Then, to add to her sorrow, she found that all their fortune had been lost.

So proud was Miss Agatha that she did not wish her friends to see her poverty. So she decided to move to a very small town and live a new life.

Into the little white house she came, bringing with her just enough of the lovely pieces of furniture from the old home to furnish her small home where she expected to spend her remaining days. Here with her mistress came Mary Maltese, the aristocratic kitty, who alone shared with Miss Agatha the story of her joys and sorrows. Soon under the gentle touch of her kindly hand, the long neglected yard began to bloom forth into a bower of beauty. No gardener did the work in this little yard, but the little old lady, herself, took the trowel and rake and hoe into her dainty, white hands and after planting the tiny brown seed, watched with keenest delight as the little green leaves burst forth followed by the tiny buds and last of all the wonderful blooms that made the little yard a bower of rainbow brightness.

The children always loved to pass by the little white house on their way from school,

for they were sure to get a sweet smile from the little old lady and perhaps a passing glance from Mary Maltese, who was never far away from her mistress.

When the neighbors called, they were graciously received in the cheerful little parlor. It was furnished with the rare pieces of mahogany, brass candlesticks, several wonderful family portraits, and the splendid old grandfather's clock, which had been saved from the days of their former splendor.

Miss Agatha, dressed in her lavender silk, a small piece of dainty lace at her throat and satin slippers on her tiny feet, did not give the impression of poverty, for she never spoke a word about her former life. No one knew how many times the lavender silk had been darned nor how very thin it had worn. Neither did they know that when the day came that it could no longer be patched, there would be no money to buy another dress.

While they never asked any questions, the neighbors wondered how Miss Agatha managed to get along. Now this is what Mary Maltese found out.

For many generations there had been in the Pettingell family some very valuable

jewels which were left to Miss Agatha by her mother. One by one she had been compelled to sell these in order to pay her debts and buy herself food. The dear little lady tried to keep happy and bright among her flowers and little friends of the woodland, for the little house was just next to a beautiful wood. However, she knew that when the last piece was sold, she had no other source of income.

Only too soon that sad day arrived, and when Mary Maltese came in from her walk, she found her usually smiling mistress in tears.

"Oh, Mary Maltese, what shall I do?" said she as she turned the lovely diamond ring on her little finger. "This is the only thing I have left and this I cannot sell. Indeed I had far rather starve, for it was my engagement ring from David, who placed it on my finger and bade me wear it until he came back to me. Though many years have come and gone, I feel that sometime I shall see David again, and I must be wearing his ring."

Miss Agatha began to cry again as she looked into the face of a handsome young soldier whose picture was always on her table.

The Dear Little Lady Tried to Keep Happy and Bright Among Her Flowers.

Mary Maltese softly rubbed against her mistress, then straightening up, went directly to the back yard where she had met Patrick Pink-Ear, the handsome rabbit who made his home under the little white house.

"What is the matter?" said Patrick Pink-Ear.

Then Mary Maltese explained.

"Well," said he, "let's call all of Miss Agatha's little friends together and see what can be done." With that they hastened into the wood and began to call all the little brothers and sisters of the woodland together.

Ever since the little old lady had been in the white house, not a day had passed that the little shelf on the back-porch had not held crumbs for the bird-folk, nor had the daily bone for Mary Maltese been missing from its place on the door step.

Rachel Robin was the first to fly down from her lofty perch and was soon followed by Cornelia Crow. They were no sooner seated than Benjamin Bee and his wife and Silas Squirrel joined them. Mr. and Mrs. Bee sat daintily on a bunch of clover while Silas Squirrel, who was very old, leaned on

his small cane of holly-wood which he always kept near at hand.

Mary Maltese and Patrick Pink-Ear, being in charge of affairs, began to explain the reason for the meeting. All the little woodland creatures loved Miss Agatha dearly and when they heard that she was really in danger of starving, they were almost speechless with surprise. Rachel Robin and Silas Squirrel almost cried.

"We must help our dear old Miss Agatha at once," said Benjamin Bee, and his wife seemed to agree. All afternoon they talked and planned and by night a very satisfactory scheme had been perfected. Each little friend promised to bring some offering and place it on the little shelf that had so often held food for them.

"We will meet again a week from to-day," said Mary Maltese, "and in the meatime we will see that our friend does not want for anything."

Since Miss Agatha had gone to bed when Mary Maltese reached home, she slipped quietly away again, for she had many things to attend to. Bright and early the next morn-

ing, however, she was at the back door calling her mistress to come.

When the door was opened, Miss Agatha saw on the little shelf a sight that made her open her eyes very wide. Here was some of the loveliest, crisp lettuce that one could possibly find; and this was Patrick Pink-Ear's contribution. He had made a visit to one of the neighboring gardens; and at a great risk had selected one of the finest heads of lettuce in the whole bed.

The next thing she saw was a very neat little box made of leaves, and filled with sparkling yellow honey. This was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bee. Sallie Spider had fashioned the box, spending a great deal of time sewing the corners with her very fine thread, which had broken many times while she worked.

A bunch of beautiful red cherries had been very gently removed from a neighbor's cherry tree by Rachel Robin. Silas Squirrel brought some nuts that he had on hand, for his rheumatism had been so bad lately that he had not been able to get about.

Faithful Mary Maltese, much against her kind feeling, had furnished a plump part-

Miss Agatha Saw a Sight that Made Her Open Her Eyes.

ridge, for, "Much as I love Bob White," said she, "my dear mistress must live."

In wonder Miss Agatha picked up all of these gifts and just as she raised the last leaf, something bright and shining fell at her feet. Picking it up, she saw that it was a gold piece. This was Cornelia Crow's contribution, and we will not ask her where she found it, for did not dear Miss Agatha have to pay her rent?

Each morning some new offering was placed upon the little shelf and Miss Agatha's cheeks became rosy and her eyes sparkled once more. Not for one day during a whole

week did her little friends fail her. Miss Agatha thought of the Bible story she had learned when a little girl about the good man Elijah and how the ravens brought him food.

On the seventh day the little company again assembled to discuss further ways and means, for winter was again coming on and it would be harder and harder to find food for Miss Agatha when the snow came and covered the earth. While they were deep in the discussion, Mary Maltese happened to look up and saw coming across the field, Alexander Airedale. Up went Mary Maltese's fur. Silas Squirrel began looking at the high branches of a tree.

Alexander Airedale drew nearer and nearer and finally came all the way.

"What do you want?" asked Mary Maltese in a very stern voice.

"I do not wish to disturb you," said Alexander Airedale, "but I saw all these wise friends gathering and thought perhaps you could help me."

"What is your trouble?" said Patrick Pink-Ear.

"Well," said he, "my master lives in the

On the Seventh Day the Little Company Again Assembled.

big stone house just up the hill and across the field from the house of your mistress. He has only lived there a short while and although he is very, very rich and has lots of servants, he is always sad and lonely. Sometimes when the postman brings his letters all marked over with return addresses, he goes to his room and sits for ever so long. Sometimes he lets me sit by his side, but he only strokes my head and says nothing. Almost every day he takes me to walk in the garden and he is so kind and good that

I would give anything to make him happy. Please, good friends, help me to think of some way."

Again the assembly was much impressed. This new problem presented grave difficulties, for if the master had plenty of money and food, what more could they do to help him?

Cornelia Crow was first to offer a suggestion, for Cornelia was quite brilliant at times.

"The master is just lonely," said she. "Can't we find a friend for him?"

"And how lonely dear little Miss Agatha is," said Mary Maltese. "Can't we somehow make them acquainted?"

One afternoon about sunset when the master was taking Alexander Airedale for his daily stroll, Mary Maltese was very meekly rubbing against Miss Agatha's skirts as she worked over her petunia beds. All of sudden there was a flash, a howl, a bark, a bit of flying fur, and cat and dog went over and over in a furry ball. A very handsome old gentleman rushed for his dog, a beautiful little old lady went to the rescue of her cat. Just then they looked up, their eyes met and they both exclaimed in joyful surprise!

"David!" said she.

"My dear Agatha! after all these years!" said he.

And just as the sun went down behind the western hills, the master held his little sweetheart in his arms, while Alexander Airedale and Mary Maltese frolicked and capered around before running off to tell their friends the wonderful news of Miss Agatha and Mr. David.

The Fairies and the Earth Child

A French Tale

It had now been several months since La Poupée had disappeared from her grandmother's home and gone to live with the fairies. During the War Madame de Rossett's only son had given his life to his country. His wife soon passed away and La Poupée was left an orphan in her grandmother's care.

Now this was not the child's real name, for her mother had christened her Marie; but such a lovely, winsome little lass was she that she gained the name of La Poupée, which means The Doll.

Before the War the de Rossetts had been a very wealthy family and the chateau where they lived was one of the loveliest in that part of the country. Here Madame and the little girl lived alone with the servants.

One day Nanette, the nursemaid, came

rushing into the house, her eyes wide with fright, and announced that the enemy was coming and even now was in sight. Quickly all the servants were called together and the great iron bolts on the doors and windows were securely fastened.

Soon the yard was filled with the invading army and Madame de Rossett was suddenly panic stricken as she rushed around in search of the tiny Marie. Where could she be?

"Nanette, Nanette!" cried the frantic old lady, "Where, oh, where did you leave Marie?"

The frightened nursemaid suddenly remembered leaving the baby in a little swing in the garden when the exciting news had reached her. In her haste to tell her mistress, she had forgotten to bring the little girl in.

"Let us go and search for her at once," said Madame, but on looking out they knew it meant instant death. For even now the soldiers had the entire house surrounded and were beating and banging upon the doors.

Finally, after seeing that the heavy bars would not give way, they took with them all of the beautiful horses and carriages from the

Madame Rushed Out to Look for Marie.

stables and then set fire to all the out buildings on the place and withdrew.

As soon as possible Madame rushed out to look for her little grandchild but nowhere could she be found. Then she knew that the wicked enemy had taken her along with them.

Not wishing to stay alone in the large house, Madame de Rossett decided to sell it and buy a small home for herself and Nanette, so as to blot out all memories of her former life. However, try as she might, each day

On and On Marie Was Carried through the Air.

found her with a very sad heart, for she could think of nothing but the lost baby.

But what had become of the little Marie? After marching for a long time through the dusty roads, the order came for the soldiers to halt and rest awhile. When they had found the little girl playing in her grandmother's garden, they had quickly picked her up and placed her in one of their wagons and covered her all up except her face. So frightened was she that at first she could not make a sound, but as they moved along, she began to cry pitifully. However, no one came to her aid and she finally cried herself to sleep.

Soon after halting the soldiers were so tired and worn that they fell asleep, entirely forgetting the stolen baby. Just as Marie opened her eyes and began to call for her grandmother, she saw something very large and dark circling above her in the sky. Nearer and nearer it came until very suddenly she felt herself firmly grasped and soon was rising swiftly towards the skies. On and on little Marie was carried through the air, over the trees and tops of the houses and finally found herself slowly lowered toward the earth. Each circle brought her nearer and

nearer the ground until she was gently laid on the soft moss at the foot of a large tree by her good friend, the eagle.

Already darkness was beginning to fall and soon a beautiful moon rose over the tree tops. Close beside her sat the eagle waiting. After a short while a very soft strain of music and a fluttering of tiny wings were heard. Here came the fairies, dancing and singing, their beautiful little queen leading them. On her head was a tiny gold crown and her feet were shod with the daintiest gold slippers imaginable, while her dress was as white as the snowflakes. The other little fairies wore dresses of soft colors, which faintly glimmered in the moonlight, and their little slippers were of crystal like the dewdrops.

Following the fairies came the gnomes and pixies, their queer little faces peeping out from their brown peaked caps and their rollicking little feet hopping and skipping in their brown shoes with turned-up toes. When they came near the spot where Marie and the eagle were seated, they suddenly stopped and listened intently, for they thought they heard a faint cry.

The eagle flapped his wings and began to

speak. "Here," said he, "is the little earth child that I promised to bring you. Now be sure that you take the best of care of her."

And with this he flapped his wings again and quickly rising, soared far into the clouds.

When the fairies saw the beautiful little child that the eagle had brought they danced with delight.

"What is your name, dear little girl?" they asked. "La Poupée," Marie answered. The fairies agreed that she was indeed a beautiful doll with her lovely ringlets of gold and her forget-me-not eyes.

Little Marie was always in bed at this time of day at home. She discovered now that she was so sleepy and tired from her day's adventures that her eyes began to droop and close.

"We must hurry," said the fairies, "and get our little earth baby a bed to sleep in, for little earth children do not dance and play all the night through as do our fairy children."

So they called the gnomes and pixies and soon a nice dry log was found with a hole just large enough for the baby. This they cleaned out and lined with many flowers and ferns to make it snug and soft.

Now they lifted the little sleeping child into

her woodland bed. Placing a warm rabbit skin over her, they each gave her a very soft kiss just as though a rose petal had brushed her little cheek. When this was done they joined hands and, with the baby in the middle of the magic circle, they danced around seven times singing:

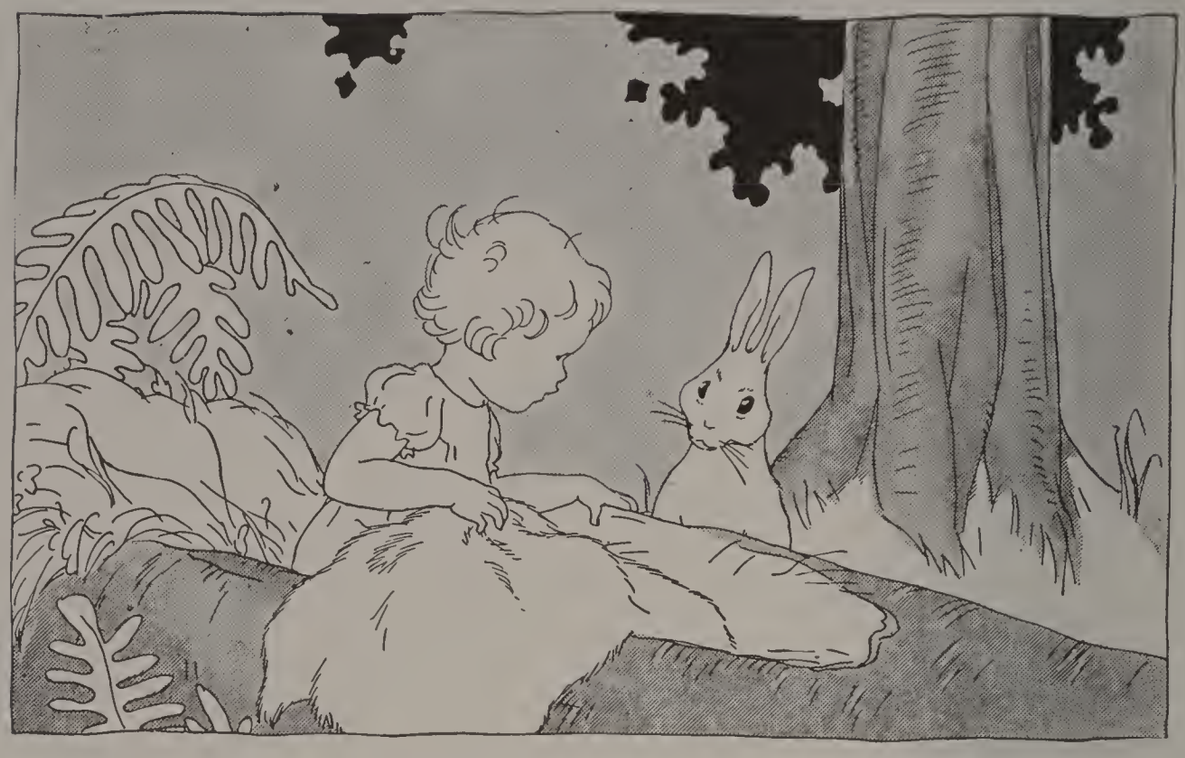
"Little earth child, dream away,
Fairy friends with you will stay.
We will keep you free from harm,
None dares to break the fairy charm."

They knew then that no harm could possibly come, for their charm made Marie quite secure.

The sun was shining when the little girl opened her eyes and she sat up and looked around her. She seemed all alone and began to cry. Just then something soft touched her hand and she found herself looking into the bright eyes of a big brown rabbit.

"Good morning, La Poupée," said he and the child's eyes grew wide with wonder, for she did not know that animals could talk and he seemed even to know her name.

"Here is a nice cup of milk," he continued. "The fairies said your little animal friends



She Found Herself Looking into the Eyes of a Big Rabbit.

would take care of you through the day, and we don't want you to get hungry."

Marie very slowly smiled and began to drink the milk. She was really very hungry, for it had been a long time since she had tasted any food. The friendly bunny, seeing that she was still hungry, went away for a few minutes and returned with some delicious fruit. We can not tell the name of this, for no one knows. It was fairy fruit.

"Now," said the friendly rabbit, "perhaps you would like to come with me. I must be getting back to my home and family. Come and I will show you my children."

Little Marie ran along through the woods, her little legs keeping up with the rabbit's hops which he tried to make as short as possible. After awhile in a pleasant spot he halted and said, "This is my home."

"Hoo-ooh! Hoo-ooh!" called Mr. Rabbit, and from a strange looking hole in the ground, Mrs. Rabbit appeared.

"Bring the children, my dear," he called to her. "I have brought with me the fairies' earth child to see our family."

Just then a number of little furry balls appeared hopping merrily about and little Marie laughed aloud as she saw them, putting her little hand on their soft, furry coats. They did not seem at all afraid and let her pet them as much as she liked.

All the morning she played very happily and just as she was getting a trifle hungry for her lunch, who should come along but a pretty red fox bringing some beautiful grapes.

"Oh Mr. Fox, will you be kind enough to take the fairies' little earth child back to her bed?" said Mr. Rabbit.

"Surely," replied Mr. Fox. "Just hop on my back and we will be there ever so soon."

Marie clapped her tiny hands with joy as she rode swiftly through the woods.

When night came the fairies appeared again, and since she was not so sleepy, having taken a little nap in the afternoon, they took her with them for awhile and let her see some of the wonderful things they did. It was a very happy little girl whom they kissed to sleep that night.

So the happy days went by during the beautiful summer. Each day the birds and animals watched over her as though she were their own, for the fairies had placed her in their care.

But summer wore away and the leaves began to fall from the trees and the brown nuts rattled down on the ground. Marie often helped her little squirrel friends to gather up their winter store of nuts. Now a child who is touched by the fairy charm never suffers from evil nor weather; but the fairies thought it best to move the little earth child's bed into a hollow tree where the little bear brothers had slept the year before. Here she would be protected from the wintry winds and from any harm that might come.

Sharper and sharper grew the winds and

browner and browner grew the earth. All the green leaves and grass had gone and the little friends had to search harder for their food. But in spite of all this, little Marie was warm and happy under the fairies' care. One night as she went out with them, she heard a long deep blast of a horn. The fairies all stopped and listened.

"He has come and is calling us," said the fairies.

"Who?" timidly asked Marie.

"Jack Frost has come to the Ice Cave where he lives."

"Please take me with you," said little Marie, "I want to see Jack Frost."

The fairies said she might go as far as the Ice Cave with them and see them start off, but that she could not go with them to work. On and on they went, singing and dancing with Marie in their midst until finally they saw the lights of the Ice Cave. How it did sparkle and gleam in the moonlight! Standing in the door to welcome them was Jack Frost himself.

Very tall he looked, with long white hair and a huge white beard that came almost down to the ground. He had a white robe all

He Handed Each Fairy a Very Small Pail.

trimmed in white fur and looked so sparkly and frosty that Marie laughed in glee.

"Now, my little helpers," said he, "all summer you have danced and played. Now it is time to get to work. All the windows must be painted by morning so that when the little earth children arise, they will see the pretty frost pictures on the window-panes." Quickly, he handed each fairy a very small pail full of something white and shining and the tiniest brush one can imagine.

"Now start off," said he, "and do your very best work."

Away scampered the fairies and left little Marie in her snug little nest while they swiftly

rode away on the moonbeams to the town across from the forest. Swiftly and surely they did their work, painting with their tiny brushes the lovely ferns and lacy flowers that we always see on a frosty morning.

Now the fairies cannot paint the windows until the house is quite dark. They had been over the windows of almost the entire village when they found one little house with a bright light. For quite a while they waited but the light shone steadily on and, fearing that day-break would catch them, they crept up very shyly and looked in.

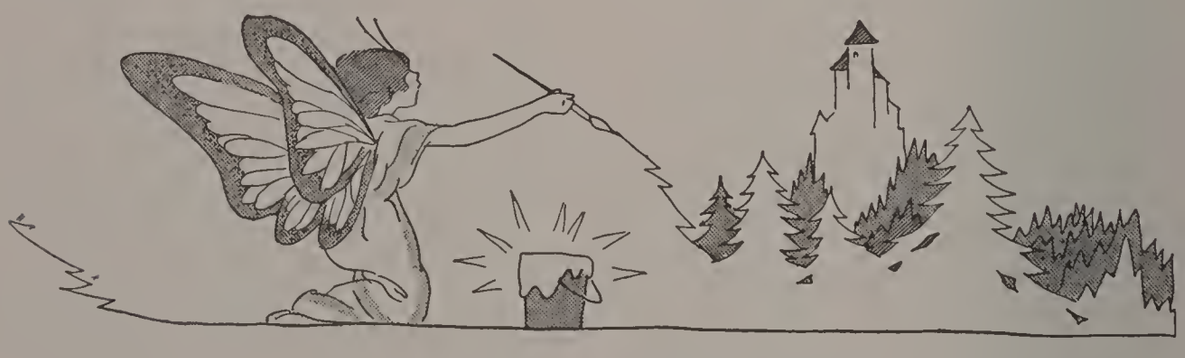
There sat an old lady with her head bowed on a small table, crying as if her heart would break. They listened very hard to catch what she was saying and this is what they heard, "Oh, my little Marie, my darling La Poupée, where are you this cold, cold night? How your poor old grandmother wants to see you!"

Upon hearing these words the fairies opened their eyes very wide, for they knew that this was their darling little earth child's grandmother. How could they bear to give her up? Yet, as the fairies can never bear any

sadness nor crying, they decided they must bring her back.

Quickly, quickly they hurried away and so swiftly did they bring Marie that before she knew what had happened, she found herself lying on her grandmother's bed in the little white house. With a rose-petal kiss the fairies bade her farewell, just as Madame de Rossett opened her eyes and saw her little Marie.

The streaks of dawn were already showing and with wild haste the fairies rushed away; and that is why Madame de Rossett's windows were the only ones in the village where the beautiful frost pictures were not seen. But Madame never knew, so supremely happy was she that her lost little La Poupée was once again in her arms.



The Enchanted Island

An Ocean Tale

Far out in the Pacific Ocean there was a wonderful island, so far out of the path of ships that no white man had ever found his way to its lonely shores. Here grew all kinds of tropical fruits and brilliant flowers, and bright birds flew in and out among the palm trees.

One day the monkeys, swinging undisturbed in their leafy shelters, stopped their chattering and looked with frightened eyes at the figure of a young man slowly walking along the shore of the island.

Very wearily he trudged along, for he had been battling with the waves of the ocean ever since his ship went down four days before. Clinging to a raft he had drifted hither and thither until, almost lifeless, he had been washed ashore on this lonely island. Almost starved for lack of food and water, he began

to look about him. Soon he came to a little stream of clear, cold water, and stooping down, he drank and bathed his burning face.

So weary was he that even after this, he lay down in the shelter of the trees and was soon in a deep sleep. He did not know how long he slept, but when he awoke he sat up and began to look about. Just as he started to rise, he heard a slight rustle, and looking around, he saw what he could hardly believe was real.

On a large flat stone shaped like a table was a huge palm leaf and on this were various articles of delicious food. There was a small, cooked fowl, something like a quail, all nicely browned and still hot, and some little loaves of bread, not like the bread we have, but very good indeed. In addition, other strange dishes and some wonderful berries and fruits that he had never seen before were there before him and, as he ate, it seemed to him that food had never before tasted so good. Where it came from he puzzled to know, for there seemed to be no one at all on the desert island.

He walked, wondering where he was and how he should ever get away. The sun's

rays began to slant in the west and he began to think about a place to spend the night, for he did not know whether wild beasts or some savage tribes might inhabit the island. As he had no gun or weapon with which to defend himself, he began to look for a safe place to sleep.

Darkness came on and just as he was about to lie down where he was, he saw a tiny light in the distance. Not knowing where it would lead him, he stumbled along until he came to a very small house made of the smooth logs of palm trees with a sloping roof of beautiful brown bark. From the tiny window the light shone steadily, guiding him on his way. Timidly the young man knocked upon the little door. No one answered, though it seemed to him that he heard a faint rustling just as he did when his magic food appeared. Slowly he opened the door and looked about him.

Such a cheery little room as it was! In a tiny fireplace a very small fire was lighted; for while the heat was great during the day, as evening fell, the air grew chilly. A seat made from bamboo, a wonderful bed made from the same material and a little table com-

pleted the furnishings of the room. On the table he again found delicious food and here and there about the room were large bunches of brilliant flowers, making it a bower of beauty.

Thinking, of course, that the owner of the home would presently return, he sat down in the bamboo chair and waited. As time passed and no one came, he was so weary that he decided to try the white bed and no sooner had he lain down than he was fast asleep. So soundly did he sleep that he heard nothing that went on all the night. In the morning, nothing seemed changed, but on the flat stone where he had left the crumbs of his evening meal, food was again set out—a delicious breakfast.

By this time the young man decided that there was something very wonderful about this place; but he did not then know that it was an enchanted island. Early next morning he started out again to explore and though he wandered about the whole morning, he saw no signs of any human being.

"Now," said the young man, "since I have no one of my own to talk to, I will have to make friends with the birds and animals."

He Stumbled Along until He Came to a Very Small House.

He began at once to speak kindly to them and offer them bits of food. Though very shy at first, they soon began to know him, and by and by, around the little house the beautiful birds would gather. Some sang in the early morning more sweetly than any birds the young man had ever heard; while the beautiful parrots became so tame that he taught them to talk to him. Now and then a chattering monkey would swing into the little doorway and sit on his shoulder as he ate his food.

Now the young man had studied all about different minerals and stones and was known as a very fine geologist, and naturally, he began to search around the island in the hope of finding gold and silver, or perhaps, some precious stones. Knowing that he could not succeed very well without some tools with which to dig, he set about to make some out of pieces of bone, flint and other materials, such as he had read about in his boyhood days in the Indian stories so dear to his heart. With these crude tools he now set to work.

For many days he carefully searched and was about to give up the idea of finding anything of value, when right in the centre of

the island, he came upon many huge, white rocks. Quickly he went from one to another and with the aid of his sharp tools he was enabled to dig out what might prove to be very fine specimens. Taking them home with him, for now the tiny house was all the home he had, he planned to examine them more carefully.

After his midday meal he took out the findings of the morning and to his amazement, found them to be precious stones of wonderful size and beauty. Day after day, the young man worked, cutting and polishing his precious jewels. He always managed to keep busy and everything was done for his comfort by the little invisible people of this enchanted island. Yet so lonely was he at times for someone to talk to and care for that he became very sad indeed.

One day as he sat just inside his doorway polishing his most beautiful stone, clear as crystal and in color like the blue-green of the sea, he was suddenly aware of a tiny fleck of color moving in the heart of his sparkling gem. Very closely he gazed and to his amazement, he at last made out the form of a tiny maiden, stretching out little arms to

He Was Suddenly Aware of a Fleck of Color Moving in the Gem.

him as if beseeching his help. What wonderful treasure had he found and how could he release this little maiden in the blue-green stone? Carefully, he wrapped it up, never letting it out of his sight for a moment, and always planning how he could get the little maiden out of the stone.

During the lonely nights he pondered but still no solution came to him. One morning, just as he sat down to his breakfast, he laid the stone in front of him. At the same time his fingers touched a bit of paper. Picking it

up he read these words, which surely must have been written by the fairy folk:

"Deep within this crystal stone,
Lovely maiden all alone.
Stretch thy little arms toward me
And call the fairies' help to thee."

On the other side was written: *"Midnight by the sea."*

"Surely," said the young man, "this must be the magic key to break the charm."

Hardly could he wait until the night came, when carefully taking the precious stone, he could go forth into the moonlight down to the white, sandy shore of the sea.

At the appointed time, he knelt down upon the sand and placing the stone in front of him, repeated the words of the fairies. Slowly the glittering gem began to crack and fell into a shining little heap as the maiden came forth. Instead of the tiny little lady he had heretofore seen, she at once became a beautiful young woman standing by his side. Surely the fairies had sent complete happiness to him.

Hand in hand they walked along the beautiful sea and each told the other how they came to be on the enchanted island. We are

They Decided to Stay Forever.

told that a ship soon came to rescue them and they went back on a visit to their far-away homes; but they finally found their way back to the enchanted island, which they loved more than any spot on earth and where they decided to stay forever.

How Santa Claus Lost His Whiskers

A Santa-Claus Land Tale

"My, but I am tired!" said jolly Santa Claus to his wife. It was summer time and was slightly warm even up in Santa Claus Land. During the months when the sun shone brightly Santa Claus had to work very hard to make millions and millions of toys for the boys and girls by Christmas time. When the winter months came on, the sun stopped shining and then not even with his glasses, could Santa Claus see to do much.

All the brown-eyed dolls had been finished and Mrs. Santa Claus was working on the dolls with pretty yellow hair and blue eyes. It is she who makes every curl that the dolls have in their hair. Sometimes she has to sit up quite late at night to get it all done. The toy automobiles were almost finished and also the coasting cars. The blades of the knives were all in neat piles to be put into handles.

There was one whole room with little electric trains for the very good little boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus live in the far North in a very snug, cheerful little house with a big open fireplace and bright lights. Not far away is a building, so very large, one wonders what it could possibly be. Now this is the Toy House. Each kind of toy has a separate room; and every time the toys are almost gone Santa Claus starts to work to fill each room again. It seems impossible that Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus can do all this work by themselves; and it would be, were it not for the strange folk that help them.

So far north that no one but Santa Claus ever sees them, live the Ice Gnomes. These little people are his very best friends. They make all the pretty glass marbles. Not even Santa himself has ever seen them at work. But one little Ice Gnome told Mrs. Santa Claus that they catch the colors from the rainbow and put them into balls of ice. Then by waving the magic wand, they become so hard that not even heat will melt them. Be-

Mrs. Santa Claus Was Working on the Dolls.

sides the marbles, they make all of the dolls' eyes, but no one has ever been told how they do that, not even Mrs. Santa Claus.

Sometimes there would be a loud noise and when Mrs. Santa Claus rushed to the door, there would be her jolly old husband testing his toy guns and cannon to be sure they would all work before the children got them at Christmas time. Very, very tired was he, but it was not yet time for him to take a good rest, for all the toy balloons were piled in flat heaps waiting to be blown up. Santa and Mrs. Santa blew and blew until the room was filled with balloons of all colors, merrily bobbing up and down.

Soon both were so tired that Mrs. Santa Claus retired to the house to lie down; while Santa lit his big pipe and sat down on a bench where the sun was shining brightly. He puffed and puffed and grew sleepier and sleepier until at last he slipped from his bench onto the soft ground and lay there with his eyes tightly closed.

Now most little children know of Santa Claus's famous reindeer. We surely have not forgotten their names. Dasher and Dancer

were always put ahead of the others because they were the swiftest runners; and next came Prancer and Vixen; then Comet and Cupid, followed by Donner and Blitzen.

While Santa was at home, he tethered his deer in a big field of iceland moss, for this was the food they liked best. They ate it just as we have seen horses and cows munching grass in the fields.

Santa Claus was very fond of his reindeer, for they had carried him on many a long journey. All over the world wherever the snow falls at Christmas time, these faithful little travelers transport their beloved master with his sleigh full of toys. We may hear the clatter on our own roof on Christmas Eve. The next morning we can look out to see their tiny footprints in the snow.

Now Vixen was a rather mischievous little fellow and had to be watched. He was always up to some prank; thus when anything happened, the blame was always put upon him. Sometimes he really meant no harm at all and he loved Santa Claus better than anyone in the world.

Now this was the strange thing that hap-

In a Twinkling He Had Chewed Off All of Old Santa's Whiskers.

pened. While Santa Claus was soundly sleeping, the deer kept grazing nearer and nearer the house and Vixen, seeing what he thought was a more tempting bunch of moss than that upon which he had been feeding, stretched out his long neck. In a twinkling he had chewed off all of old Santa's whiskers.

With a wild bound Santa Claus leaped to his feet and when Mrs. Santa Claus heard his distressed cries from the yard, she knew

something dreadful had happened. Soon she caught sight of her usually merry husband; and imagine her surprise when she saw what had happened to his beautiful long beard. She tried to comfort him in vain.

"For," said Santa Claus, "the children will never know me without my whiskers."

Almost beside themselves with worry, for they knew quite well it was too near Christmas for a new beard to grow, Mrs. Santa Claus wondered how she could help her husband. After an hour or two of very hard thinking, she exclaimed,

"My dear, I think I know what to do. Just wait a minute."

Off went Mrs. Santa Claus to the Toy House and before one would believe it, she was back again with a false face which she had made and to which she had glued long, white whiskers, just like the ones Vixen had chewed off. Quickly Santa Claus fastened it on and going into the house, he looked into a mirror and saw a face just like his own, merry and red. Best of all it had his lovely snow white whiskers.

And that is why, little folk, we see in the

toy shops Santa Claus masks with snow-white whiskers; and if we were allowed to peek under Santa's mask, we should also see his short, ragged beard which was all that Vixen left.

The Angel of the Silver Heart

A Noble-Heart Tale

One cold day in December Susie Lee and her little brother Joseph started for the city. They had walked some distance before they came to the car-line where their long ride began. How happy and excited they were, for they were going to see the windows of the great stores with all the beautiful, shining Christmas things. To make their joy complete, they were to buy some presents with the money for which they had worked so long.

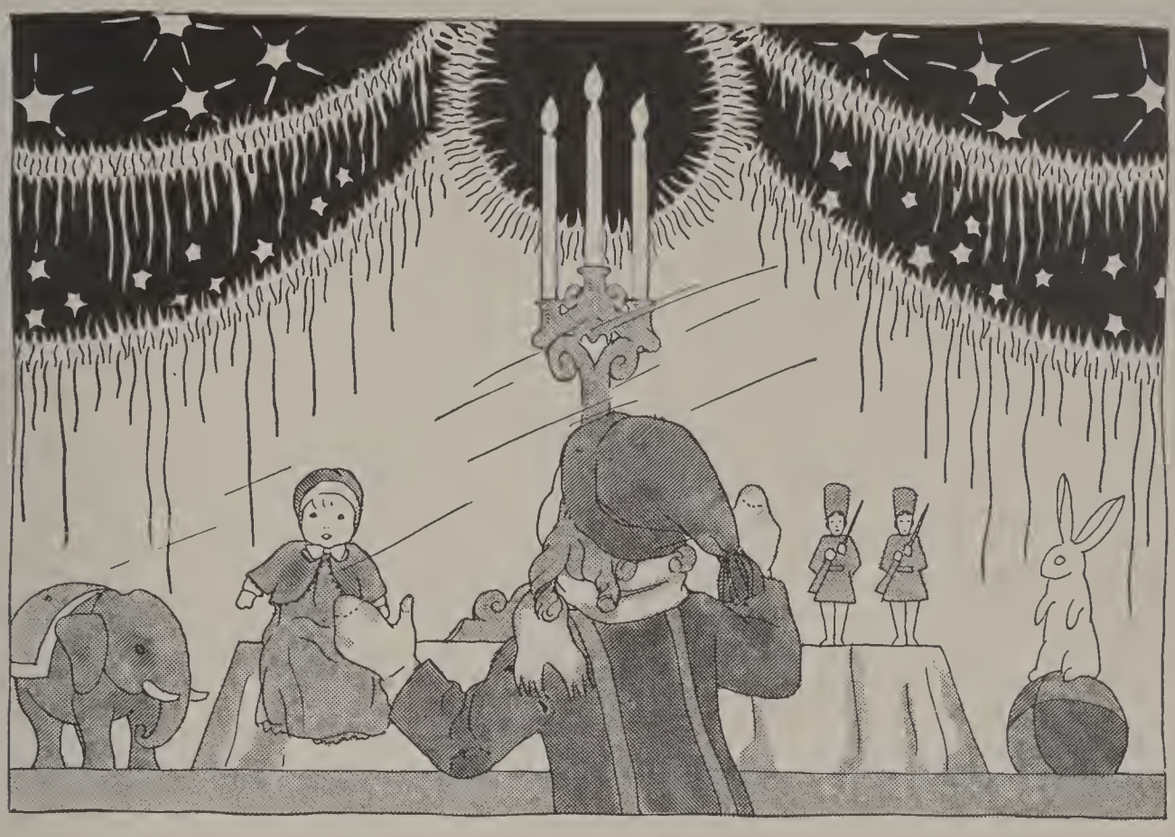
The children lived on a farm some miles from the city, where their father and mother toiled from morning until night. No matter how hard they worked the crops never seemed to prosper, for the ground was very poor and never brought forth abundant harvests.

Very early in the morning, even by lamp light, the children had to get up and do their

morning work before going to the little school house; and during the short winter days many of their afternoons had to be given up to helping their father and mother. How dearly the parents loved the little brother and sister! How often, too, they sighed at not being able to do for them the things they wished. As only a penny a day came to each child for the work they did, their little pile of money in the bank did not grow very rapidly.

When they were quite small, their grandmother had given them a small bank in the shape of a lighthouse with a tiny glass window at the top. Early in the fall, the two children had gone each night and put their pennies in the tiny slot at the top of the little lighthouse; they would listen to the pleasant tinkle as the pennies fell one by one on the little pile already there.

Each child had planned to take his own pennies and buy for the other a Christmas present. Often they had dreamed at night of the things they wanted and now the great day had come for them to buy them. The next stop would bring them to the great shopping district. Susie Lee pressed the button and as the car stopped, the two children timidly



Susie Could Hardly Tear Herself Away from a Beautiful Baby Doll.

mixed with the throngs of merry Christmas shoppers.

How beautiful everything seemed with the green and red decorations and the shining tinsel and bright colored balls and candles! Susie Lee could hardly tear herself away from a beautiful baby doll with a long dress, dainty knitted cap and tiny woolen mittens just like a living baby. Pressing her face quite close to the glass, she saw the price, then quickly brushed away a tear and went on to the next window where little Joseph was wist-

fully gazing at a pair of skates. Each child knew that these gifts cost far more than his little fund of pennies could buy.

On and on they went, looking into all the windows, until they stopped at a place where the prices of the articles were more suited to the amount each had to spend. They had made a plan to go in one at a time and make the purchase so that neither would know what the other had bought until the happy Christmas morning. Now, just as Susie Lee was about to open the heavy door to walk in, she saw a very old man leaning heavily on a cane. How poor and sick he looked, how white his hair and how bent his back. The children looked up into his face and he smiled down at them and spoke to them kindly.

"Can't we help you home?" said the kind-hearted little girl.

But to this question, the old man said, "My dear children, would that I had a home where you might take me; but I have long been sick, and now my money is all gone. Just this morning, I spent my last money, and tonight I have no place to go."

This made the children feel very unhappy,

They Saw a Very Old Man Leaning Heavily on a Cane.

and Susie Lee whispered something to her little brother.

"Oh, Joseph," said she, "suppose that he were our father. Let us give him our money and do without our own presents." The children then pulled out all of their pennies and emptied them into the old man's hand.

"Take this and get a place to sleep tonight," they said.

With a radiant face the old man thanked them, but before bidding them goodbye, he placed in the hand of each child a tiny silver heart.

"Keep this with you always," said he, and quickly disappeared from sight.

At first the children said nothing. All their Christmas hopes were gone and yet a feeling of happiness seemed to come over them.

"Never mind, little sister," said Joseph, "I will make you a Christmas present."

And Susie Lee thought she, too, could do the same for him. But soon the short wintry afternoon wore away and the children took the car for home.

Mother was at the window watching for them and as she saw them coming up the walk she wondered where their packages

were. Soon they came bounding into the room and when she asked about the presents they showed her the little silver hearts and told her the story of the old man. Tears came into her eyes, not tears of sadness but of joy that her children had been so unselfish.

That night as they dropped in the daily penny there was a faint light in the tiny glass window at the top of the lighthouse bank and, although the children wondered, they said nothing to their mother.

The days went swiftly by and the children were happy and gay, always making the most of their simple pleasures. Often in the afternoon they would hurry home from school and with baskets on their arms, would run to the woods and gather acorns for the pigs to eat. As they filled the baskets, they would keep a sharp lookout for any sign of fairies, for they were firm believers in the wee folk of the forest.

One day their mother told them they might have the whole afternoon to play. So they decided to take some of their precious pennies and buy an apple apiece at a small country store about a mile from the farm. This would be quite a treat, for at this season of the year,

it took five whole pennies to buy just one apple. Merrily they skipped along until they reached the store and just as they were deciding which apple looked the finest, they heard the storekeeper saying:

"No, ma'am, we can't let you have the bread without the money."

A poor woman was standing nearby with a heavy basket of clothes at her side.

"But I will bring you the money when I deliver this basket of laundry and get my pay," said she.

"Sorry, ma'am, but the store will be closed by the time you return and you will not have a chance to pay me."

Sadly the poor woman picked up her basket and went out of the store, thinking of her little ones at home who would have to go without any supper.

"Let's buy a loaf of bread for the poor woman," said Joseph.

"Instead of our apples," answered Susie Lee.

With great haste, they purchased the bread and went running after the woman who was walking rather slowly under the heavy weight of her basket. It was not very long before the

Joseph Quickly Placed the Loaf in the Basket.

swift little feet had almost caught up with her. Then the children wondered how they could give her the bread without her knowledge, as they did not want her to know they had heard what was said in the store.

Finally they found themselves just a few yards behind her and Susie Lee decided to stop and speak to her.

"Can you tell me where the school house is?" asked the little girl and as the woman turned around to point the way, Joseph quickly placed the loaf in the basket. Thanking her, they ran away as fast as they could.

That night when the two pennies were dropped in, the light in the little window of

the lighthouse bank glowed brighter than before, but still the children said nothing.

Spring came in all its beauty when the trees blossomed and the birds sang their sweetest and all nature seemed to take on new life. The children dearly loved the flowers and trees and the little birds and animals and never tired of hearing the nature stories that the teacher told them.

One day she showed them a most beautiful book, filled with wonderful pictures and stories of animals, birds and flowers. Susie Lee and Joseph were allowed to hold the book in their hands and look at the beautiful pictures.

That night they told their father and mother about it and how they would rather have that book than anything else in the world. The father asked how much it cost and when the children told him, they had no idea that they would ever get enough pennies not even by Christmas to buy it.

To their great surprise the father said he would advance the money and buy the book when he went to the city the day before Easter.

At this the children danced with joy and

could hardly wait for the time to come, and at the appointed time, Susie Lee and Joseph were at the car-line to meet their father and receive the book.

What a grand time they had that night. Their mother let them stay up a whole hour past their bed time to look at the book. Next morning was Easter and the children decided they would take their treasure for their little friend Harry to see.

Harry was just Joseph's age and lived on the adjoining farm. When a small child he had had a very bad fall and was now very lame, never able to run around like the other children.

"Good-morning, Harry," they said. "We have brought our wonderful book for you to see."

How the pale little face lighted up as he turned the pages with his thin little hands and what a wonderful smile came over his face as he looked at the pictures of his little woodland friends.

"Oh!" said he, "if I had a book like this, I don't believe I would mind being lame, for I could sit here all the day and learn of all these wonderful things."

Susie Lee looked at her brother, they both swallowed very hard and then she said:

"Dear Harry, we are well and strong and can get about to see the flowers and animals. You keep the book for your very own."

What a look of joy came over the little lame boy's face! Quickly, then, the others ran away, neither child speaking, so great had been their sacrifice.

That night there were no pennies to go into the bank, for it would take many weeks before there would be enough to pay their father for the book—but through the window of the little lighthouse there streamed such a brilliant light that the children took it away lest their mother should ask them about it.

The little light made them think of a wonderful scheme and Joseph said to Susie Lee:

"Let's take the little lighthouse to light our way to Fairyland. Mother will not care if we go just for a little while; and the fairies will surely be out on Easter."

So when the house was all quiet, the children slipped silently out and were soon in the beautiful moonlight.

At first they were afraid to go into the woods but with the aid of the little light, they

With the Aid of the Little Light, They Went Farther and Farther.

went farther and farther. Just as they were about to give up hope of seeing the fairies, they heard a small voice at their feet, and looking down, saw a tiny little creature all dressed in a sparkling frock of shining dew-drops.

"Children," said she, "I am looking for a little boy and girl who always carry with them a silver heart."

So astonished were the children that they could scarcely answer. Could she possibly mean themselves?

"Good fairy," said Susie Lee, at last finding her voice, "We each have a silver heart

that a very old man gave us at Christmas time and told us to keep always."

"Indeed you must be the children that the angel told me of," said she, "and yes, the little light is from the lighthouse bank."

The children were almost too surprised to move.

"What angel told you, O fairy, and who knows about our little lighthouse bank? Not even our mother knows," the children told her.

"Never mind," said the fairy,—"I will take you to the angel," and through the woods they went.

Soon they saw a wonderful light and in the midst of the light was a beautiful angel.

"Do not be afraid, little children," said the angel. "You do not know me now but perhaps you soon will; I am the Angel of the Silver Heart. Show me the hearts that you have carried with you."

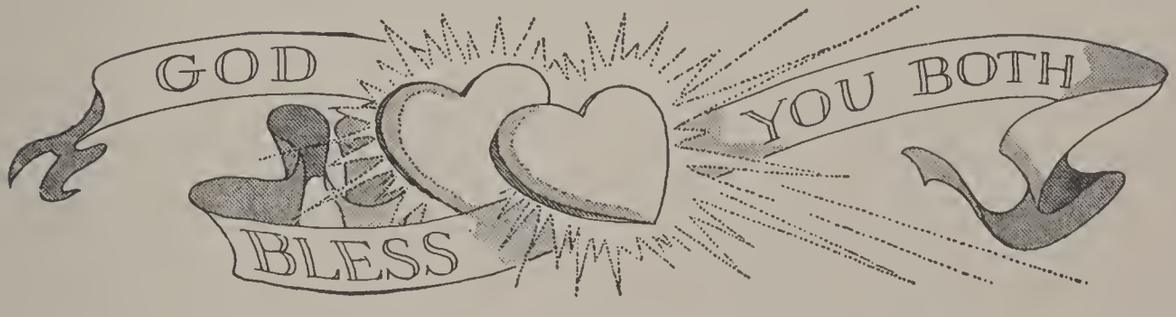
As each child held out the little heart that the aged man had given them, they saw that it had grown much larger.

"Look," said the angel, "and you will see a tiny spring."

The children pushed the spring and in-

stantly the little hearts sprang open and inside lay a gleaming jewel.

"Dear children," said the angel, "I am the old man to whom you gave your all on that cold December day. Ever since I have watched you and each time you did a noble deed the little light gleamed brighter and brighter, just as you two children have brightened the path you have trod. Take these jewels as a reward from the Angel of the Silver Heart, and remember that as long as you keep the little light burning, there will always be the jewel in your heart. God bless you both on this glad Easter day."



THE END

Matilda Breuer

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00025765643